

My Hollow
by Miriam Manglani

I've been swallowed whole,
trapped inside a hole,
so long my eyes have adjusted to darkness —
I see the world
through grimy gray.

When the first wavy crack of light
shines through,
a sliver,
a splinter —
my prison revealed.

I try to reach
that one weak crack of light
before it fades,
until the next one pierces through
like a blade, stronger this time,
bright like lightening,
the dark recedes.
I try to climb out,
fall back to rock bottom.

I try to climb out again,
one careful step at a time,
confronting darkness
with my head held high,
feeling through it
for hand and foot holds,
to lift myself up
into the warm light
of my past life.

